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If I Forget.

EUGENE A. DELANEY.

If I forget, when foreign skies
And other men around us be,
The kindly light that comes to me
From depths that reach beyond thine eyes,

Then say that Truth and Honor lies,
That Charity to winds turns free,—
If I forget.

Yes, know that then strong Hope, too, dies,
If I shall lose one thought of thee.
In every vow a scourge I see,
Which scorns my spirit's helpless cries,
If I forget.

An Idyll.

EDWARD J. MINGEY, '98.

EVEN now as I look back through the years that have passed, the time when Nellie came into my life is ever present before me. Through the rain and the mist of one dreary March morning my father brought her to us, and as I saw her then, my only thought was of pity for the forlorn little waif that had strayed to our door. Old Dobbin, standing fetlock deep in the mud and slush of the driveway, with the rain-drops trickling down his shaggy sides that steamed in the chill air, seemed to be in sympathy. My mother took the child in her arms and carried her in to warmth and gladness; but at sight of the cruel marks that poverty and ill-usage had wrought on the little face, I turned away in my boyish pride to hide the tears that rose to my eyes.

That night my father said to me: "John, be kind to our little stranger. She has met with nothing but misfortune and pain. Try to make her happy, and receive her as your sister"—he

paused, and, strong man though he was, his voice trembled as he added—"in place of the one that has gone."

Only one month before our own Nellie had died, and now another, less fair than she, had come to fill the cruel void. When the cold earth had closed over the face of her who had been to me even more than a sister, I thought that all the sunshine had gone forever out of my life. And now there had come a change. The new duty of guardian and protector appealed strongly to my boyish fancy, and I watched my little charge through all the stages of her re-awakening to happiness and love. Gradually, the faint tinge of returning health overspread the pallid cheeks; the eyes regained their lustre, and danced mirthfully in the shadow of their long lashes.

One day while we were walking together, I heard some one say as we passed: "What a pretty child!" I knew that it was not I who had attracted such attention, and, turning, I looked at Nellie with a new interest. Truly, she was more than pretty; she was beautiful. From that moment she ceased to be my ward and became my playfellow. The memory of the days that followed is one of constant delight. When the leaves began to take on their golden hue, the way to the little school-house did not seem half so long as when I had gone alone. For now Nellie came with me, and we trudged merrily along through the fields, following the creek as it wound through our meadows, till we came to the ford. There she would climb upon my shoulder, and cling fearfully to me as I carried her over the slippery stones, feeling happy and proud of all the strength of my twelve years.

One summer day, when the green earth lay hidden under its flowery canopy, she wandered away into the fields; and when the lengthening shadows heralded the approach of evening, Nellie had not returned. The ruddy glow in the western heavens changed to gray, and twilight was slowly creeping on to darkness. My

mother began to be alarmed, and she asked me to go in search of her. Calling Bruno, our collie, I ran down to the meadow, with the dog following close at my heels. I had expected to find the little culprit romping about like a colt in its pasture, but I could see her nowhere. I called her name again and again, and my voice sounded strangely loud in the solemn stillness of the hour. The cows ceased munching the short grass, and looked up in mute inquiry. One nearer than the rest turned its dull, sleepy eyes toward me and shook its head as though in answer to my call. And then an awful dread and fear came over me. That very morning, while Nellie played on the lawn before our home, a Gypsy caravan had passed along the road, and, shuddering, I recalled how the swarthy faces had watched her admiringly. Was it possible that—I could not bring myself to frame the question? And yet such things had often happened. I did not know what to do, and as I stood undecided a plan presented itself to me. It was very simple, and I wondered why I had not thought of it before. I called my dog and he came running and leaped up on me playfully. "Go, find her, Bru," I said. "Find Nellie!" It was enough for him. He turned and sped away over the fields, while I followed as well as I could.

I did not think where he was leading me, until suddenly I heard the splash of running water, and then I knew he was making for the creek. I felt strangely excited, and, as I hurried on, the quick, short bark of the dog fell on my ears. I began to run, and presently I stopped in my mad race and stood laughing at the happy discovery I had made. In the shadow of an old willow that leaned out over the stream, screening it from the hot glare of the sun, and with her head resting on the rough bark, Nellie was sitting, just wakening from sleep at the bark of the dog. The fishing rod that we had often used together was clasped tightly in her hand, and the creel lay empty and neglected on the bank.

I needed no other explanation; and after I had brought her home there was many a laugh when I told how I had found her. And yet I fancied I saw tears in my mother's eyes when Nellie came to say good-night; and afterward I knew that that evening marked the beginning of a new epoch in my life.

And so the time wore on, till at length the day came when I took my first leave of the old home and of those who were most dear to me. I went away smiling bravely, but at heart

I felt dejected. As we drove through the old gateway, turning to wave a last good-bye, I saw the faces of my mother and Nellie smiling fondly through their tears. While we jogged along over the rough road my father sat impassive beside me, and I was startled when he lifted his whip and gave old Dobbin so vicious a cut about the ears that in all my knowledge of his kindness and forbearance I had never seen the like before. Then I knew that he too felt the pain of parting, and when the train drew up at the station his only words were: "God bless you, my boy. Take care of yourself." It was his last farewell.

Scarcely three months had gone when a letter came to me at college, telling me that he was dangerously ill. I left for home immediately, and when I arrived I found him dead. We laid him in the village churchyard, side by side with her who had gone before, and then began anew the old life. But now all happiness had departed from it. This loss could never be repaired as the other had been. Nothing remained for me but to mourn him and to comfort and console my mother. I sought to cheer her and to turn her mind from the all-mastering grief; and yet I would have failed had it not been for Nellie. Never had anyone a more faithful friend and helper than I had in this my second sister. Her books were laid aside, and gradually our household cares began to fall on her. Unconsciously, I found myself daily trusting more and more to the judgment and guidance of her who had so lately been accustomed to run to me in her childish troubles for help and sympathy. When I was present she seemed to take a special delight, not altogether free from girlish pride, in displaying her knowledge of our domestic affairs.

In fancy I can see her now as she was in those days when our home world yielded to her sway. Wearing a dainty thing that she called an apron, with the masses of her dark brown hair confined beneath a quaint little cap, while here and there a stray curl peeped out from under its covering and lightly kissed the cheeks that glowed with the flush of health and youthful ardor, she would glide from room to room intent on some household duty. In the long winter evenings when the earth was clothed in its white mantle and the sleigh-bells pealed merrily in the frosty air, we would sit together in the ruddy glow of the kitchen fire. And while the burning logs roared and crackled in the open fireplace, Nellie would read aloud from my mother's favorite novel; or, when the

nights were fine and the others wished it, we rode over the frozen crust of snow to the music of jingling bells and the faint tinkle of icicles falling and clinking together beneath the trees. And so the dark days crept slowly on, with now and then a bright ray of pleasure and hope, till at length pain and sorrow yielded to the balm of time and to a woman's patient care and love.

Nellie had ceased to be a child, and the golden promise of her youth was fulfilled in the beautiful girl who flitted about our home, bringing sunshine and joy wherever she went. The months sped on with their many changes, but through all she remained ever the same kind and gentle friend that I had known in former days. Often, when my way lay dark and uncertain before me, a word or a suggestion from her would, with her woman's intuition bring me back to the right path, and enable me to see more clearly my goal, just as long before I had been used to seek her help in childish difficulties. And yet when I was with her a strange sense of mingled pain and happiness came over me, and at length I saw that our old life was fast drawing to an end. I knew that Nellie also felt it, for an unusual quiet and reserve began to creep into her manner when alone with me. I grew moody and irritable. Everything displeased me, and in the solitude of my own room I would sit for hours poring over my books and longing for the days that had gone. I was heedless of everything, until one day a word from Nellie wrought a sudden change.

One evening in early summer, as I was sitting under the old maple that stood before our home, absorbed in a favorite volume, she came to me and hurriedly, without seeking to conceal her emotion, told me that she must leave us. I tried to speak, but the words failed me, and, reaching out my hand, I took the letter that she gave me to read. It was from some of her mother's people who had written after all those years of forgetfulness, asking her to come to make her home with them. I begged and pleaded with her; I pictured my mother's sorrow when she should have gone, and I told her how cruel it would be to forsake her in her old age. But it was of no avail; and in despair I sought my mother and found her calmly knitting in the dim twilight.

As I drew near she laid aside her work, and said to me:

"Well, John, is Nellie still determined to leave us?"

The cool assurance of her manner took me completely by surprise, and, thinking that she did not know all, I poured into her ears the history of the evening. When I had done, she looked at me smiling, and said:

"You have asked her to stay for my sake, John, but have you ever heard of John Alden?"

I did not wait to hear more, and as I hurried out into the gathering darkness, the flitting of a white dress through the trees of the orchard told me where to look for Nellie. The dismal croaking of the frogs in a pool near by and the chirp of the crickets with the shrill song of the katy-did disturbed the drowsy echoes of the night. The dew fell heavily in refreshing showers, and the mossy turf breathed a fragrance as of a sweet-scented garment. She heard me coming, and turned inquiringly to meet me, picking her way with dainty tread over the fruit-strewn earth. The evening breeze caressed her tenderly, and toyed with the shimmering ringlets of her hair. The treasure-laden branches bowed before her as she passed, and brushed fondly against her glowing cheeks. I took her hand in mine, and as we stood together in the yellow light of the rising moon I saw that she had been crying. I felt a strange joy at sight of the tears, and after a moment's silence I said to her:

"Tell me, Nellie, is it on account of my presence here that you wish to leave us?"

I felt her hand tremble as she answered:

"I can not tell you."

"But you must," I said. "You shall not go without some explanation."

She snatched her hand away from mine, and her eyes flashed angrily.

"You have no right to speak that way to me," she answered.

And then her eyelids quivered, a big tear coursed down her cheek, and a passionate sob escaped her.

"Not that, Nellie!" I said. "I did not mean to give you pain, but I can not bear the thought of parting with you. The old place would not seem like home without you. Will you not give me the right to claim you as my wife, and to keep you always with me?"

She did not answer me in words, but gave me her little hand again, and, as I held it firmly clasped in mine, the moon shed its light upon her face, radiant with happiness and love. I brought her home with me as I had done on that other night in the olden time, and, gladly my mother welcomed her to the new life that dawned for both of us.

Of the Many.

RAYMOND G. O'MALLEY, '98.

All men are fools most of their lives; they differ only in that some are such by profession or accident, others by nature. To those that are born with an infirm mind I do not refer; but I speak of those that have reason and use it not. To all those, in short, whose feast we celebrate on the first of the April days. It is strange that the world, so wise in some respects, has knowledge neither of the name nor life of the man that instituted this day; yet is there no one so deserving of honor as he. Whether it be forgetfulness or unconcern, I know not, but it is a fault. I had rather his name should be honored than that the story of Heliogabalus and all of his kind be remembered.

Let not this prevent us from celebrating this our universal feast in a truly royal manner. They that were fools and are such no more may bear with us today; and they that are too young to be foolish may rejoice because we are here and pleased to be made April fools. Yes, truly Lamb said, all have a speck of the motley. Who is the man that is exempt from folly? We differ only in degree. So Solon, and he who "hath said in his heart: there is no God," and the present writer are of one kind, but varying quality. I care not to know "who was the greatest fool that ever lived." If there should happen to be a greater one in history than that one of the living, whom I am convinced is the greatest, I had rather not meet him. I fear his want of reason would mark him as infirm of mind. His actions could not safely be written down; his presence would drive all to laughter or flight. Yet I have great concern to be informed who was the least of all the race of fools. His name should be on my lips at all times and his life become my guide. The story of the fool of the family that succeeded and whose brothers, wise though they were, failed, is the earliest I remember. Lear's fool was more wise than the king; but it is so always with those that live by their folly.

The opinion of the world is seldom of much value in this regard. For, "what are commonly the world's received fools but such whereof the world is not worthy?" Has she not mistaken her wisest sons for very fools while they lived? We commonly think Adam was a great fool because he ate of the forbidden fruit at

the invitation of his helpmate. If I mistake not, we are still munching on that same apple,—there is no fear that any child shall be deprived of his just share.

If we but think how little is necessary for us to be considered fools we shall not imagine ourselves wise very long. We need only to differ with our fellow; he has his opinion. If we are at variance with the world our name is known. If the greatest man of all time should walk the world in his own dress it would be sufficient to set the earth laughing. Alexander should be followed by a troop of children not by an army: he should be given "tops" for his other worlds. The sweetest, kindest, loftiest spirits of the world would find not a pleased but an amused audience. I much fear we should find it difficult to withhold a smile on meeting our own ancestors of the last century. We laugh at them, but we too shall be ridiculed in turn by our followers of tomorrow. We may appear wise to ourselves and perfect in manner, yet your child of the next age shall wonder on hearing of us. It is one of the privileges we gain by coming after others. Those who have done us great service escape no more than does the simplest fellow.

So this the first of April is the festival of all fools. We are many today, due to the fact that the numbers of the race are greater than ever. If we invent new follies, let us enjoy them. We shall be lessoned by our elders that are no more foolish. I marvel no longer at Theocritus or Democritus, yet laugh only in quiet at us fools, my masters.

John Sing Lee.

FRANK R. WARD, '99.

My fickle memory is no longer able to separate his features from those of the hundreds of other Chinamen I saw in that great transplanted city,—Chinatown, in San Francisco; and so I know him not as Sing Lee, but as John. As we turned from the brightly-lighted American street into the half darkness of the Chinese street, we came upon him seated on a hydrant, with feet crossed and his hands hid in his voluminous sleeves. He started up when we reached him, and in Pigeon English, impossible to reproduce, offered his services as guide. There was a look of childlike expectancy on his fat, smiling face as he awaited the answer, which changed to joy when he was

accepted. He was a child in all but age, and, as in a child, his cunning and his simplicity were not easily differentiated.

He started off with an air of dignity most comically inappropriate to his general appearance. The picture of his strutting walk and queer, squat, loosely-clothed figure, as he led our little procession of three through the narrow streets, remains with me as a very pleasant memory. His queue, released from the coils which had held it during the day's work, hung down his back and tempted me with the recollection of grammar-school days, when to tie the braided hair of some girl to the nearest desk or chair was a source of delight. He was smoking loosely-wrapped, yellow cigarettes with a most abominable odor. Whenever he held the lighted end downward the tobacco fell out, necessitating another light; but he took it all as a matter of course.

It was very amusing to watch the antics of John when he took us into the little shops to show us the curious goods. In these shops dignified merchants sat behind their counters, placidly smoking diminutive pipes, and they made no attempt to interfere with our flighty little guide who was running around and looking under tables and in dark corners for things to show. Of course, he importuned us to buy everything at which we looked, but our refusals in nowise dampened his ardor. I wondered curiously if some mysterious Chinese vengeance would not be wreaked on him and upon us, his accomplices, for thus disturbing the solemn calmness that pervaded everything in the shop, from the shop-keeper to the fat cat in the window.

John at all times kept up a ceaseless chatter, which was at first amusing, but finally grew tiresome; and he took every opportunity to show us his familiarity with American usages and life. In the gaily decorated "Joss House," he descanted on the difference between the Chinese gods and *those* of the Americans. His politeness endeavored to conceal his contempt for the latter, but it was not hard to see the thought back of his words, nor to fathom the exultation with which he bragged of the age and value of the delightfully ugly idol, and the handsome tapestries. Almost in the same breath he was begging us to buy some incense from the crafty-looking priests to offer to the souls of our ancestors. When we once more reached the street John was no longer the same man. Whereas before our visit to the

"Joss House," he had been our most humble servant, he now became—at least in his own mind—our leader and teacher. Such was the strength received from a visit to the gods.

John no longer condescended to tell us what the next exhibit was to be, and thus kept us in expectancy. What I was most anxious to see was an opium-den—one of those terrible places that furnish plots for so many detective stories and dime-novels. When we reached the old city jail, now turned into a lodging house, I judged from John's mysterious air that something of unusual interest was to be shown us. On the fourth floor in one of the former cells, its walls lined with tiers of narrow, hard bunks, we found John's next exhibit. Our nostrils told us before he did that this was the opium-den. In fact, the odor was about the only dangerous thing we found there. In one of the lower bunks lay an old man smoking, or, as John called it, "cooking opium." The whole thing was too disgusting to be interesting, and John soon led us away.

In the basement we found a more interesting sight. In a clean-looking little saloon six men were playing draw-poker, with Chinese variations. Their cards were long narrow strips of curiously pictured celluloid, and their chips differently colored China buttons. But this in turn was eclipsed by the restaurant which we next saw. On the second floor of a large building were several large rooms, brightly lighted by innumerable small lamps and tapers, splendidly furnished and crowded with gaily dressed Chinese. The women, with their bright gowns and queer oily, head-dresses looked as if they had stepped from pictured Chinese fans, and even the men and children appeared less sombre than usual. Three or four large tables were crowded with tiny dishes of porcelain, and neat-looking waitresses were filling the cups with tea from small pots.

But our little guide seemed to be entirely out of his element, and had lost all his assurance, which, for a change, was quite refreshing. He got us away as soon as he could; and I judged from his actions that this party was probably of the Chinese "400," or even of the more exclusive "75," and that he was not regarded as a member. When we stepped out on the sidewalk below, a light rain was falling and our expedition must end. Sing Lee pocketed his money with the air of a man to whom money is an unimportant thing, lit another rakish cigarette, said good-bye, and soon disappeared in the gathering mist.

Varsity Verse.

SIGHS OF A RECLUSE.

HE'S come and gone; ah, well-a-day!
 She hadn't any cause to stay;
 And I suppose it's better so.
 I'm old, they say, at forty years,
 And should be done with hopes and fears
 That love brings with its come and go.

It isn't love, of course; but then—
 I wish that she'd come back again
 And stay a little longer while.
 The dull old hall seems chill and cold,
 As before she came, in the days of old,—
 Gone is the sunshine of her smile.

Here is the withered mignonette
 She gave me lest I should forget,
 And there alone is the drooping rose.
 When shall I see again that face
 And the dainty hands and elfish grace?
 Sometime?—ah, yes! Who knows, who knows?

A. L. M.

THE FABLE OF THE GREAT AND SMALL.

A grasshopper danced by a dusty way
 Till his legs were tired, one summer's day;
 So he laid himself down on a blade of grass
 And began to slumber
 When the dust and lumber
 Of a horse and cart that happened to pass
 Frightened him out the place where he lay.
 "Dear me, what a noise!" he said, looking out,
 "What is this rumble and mumble about?"
 When he saw that a horse made all the thunder
 He sat himself down and began to wonder,
 What he could do if he made such clatter.
 In the ear of the horse he next happened to see;
 He whispered this wise, wise homily:

"If I were as great as you, my friend,
 If I were as great as *you*,
 I'd do great things in this world of ours,
 The path of life would be strewn with flowers—
 If I were as great as you."

The burden of greatness is heavy to bear,
 And I'd rather be you, my friend—
 Free as the winds, with nothing to do,
 Singing and dancing the whole day through
 With nothing to fear but the end.

J. E. M.

MEMORY.

Turn back the withered leaves of time-blown years,
 And underneath the blossoms grow and the green,
 Fair little flowers of childish hopes and fears,
 That laughed long since in the fields the once
 have been.

L. P. D.

AN ENTREATY.

Day of my life, where do you go so fast?
 Know not my life is all too short for you
 To laugh and go flitting by? You have the past?
 Well then, God speed you! I can not say *adieu*.

A. L. M.

Mrs. Brandon's Portrait.

TOM J. DILLON.

Mr. Jeremiah H. Brandon was what is called a successful man; what is more, he was a self-made man, and he was provokingly proud of the fact. He had filled all the requirements necessary for success—he had been born of poor but honest parents, and he had come to New York with a very small capital and a quantity of courage that was approximate to impudence. He married an estimable lady and never regretted his choice.

Mrs. Brandon possessed all the good qualities of a wife without many of those womanly traits that make men pause before matrimony. Mrs. Brandon, contrary to all feminine instincts, would never agree to have her picture taken, although it was often proposed by her husband. Brandon & Co. became wealthy. One day the thought entered Mr. Brandon's head that the general appearance of his parlor would be improved if the pictures of himself and his wife were there.

The next day he called on M. Vassily, a celebrated portrait painter, and talked the matter over, with the result that in the course of a few weeks he gazed upon an elaborately framed life-sized image of himself.

So far, good; but how was he going to induce his wife to have her picture painted? After thinking the subject over, he decided to confide his trouble to M. Vassily.

"Just let me see your wife for five minutes and I'll guarantee to give you an exact likeness," said the artist.

An arch smile wandered over the entire extent of Mr. Brandon's features and he winked at the artist, as much as to say, "I'll make it right with you, old man."

"You get on the car tomorrow at the corner of Chambers and Broadway at ten o'clock. I'll have her with me."

That evening Mr. Brandon cast frequent glances over his paper at his wife and smiled in a knowing way.

"I'll have to go to Chicago tomorrow, Mary; won't be back for three weeks. You'd better come down to the station with me."

"Of course I will, Jerry. I've a 'poor' call to make, and I can do that after you have left."

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Brandon started. Mr. Brandon carried a large basket for the 'poor.' Mollie, the cook, accompanied

them to carry the basket from the station to the needy family.

At Broadway a tall gentleman with a crush hat and a large string tie got on the car and took an opposite seat. Mr. Brandon raised his eyebrows slightly, and began to give some instructions to Mollie so that the artist might have plenty of time to study Mrs. Brandon's features.

Vassily received many letters from Chicago, and it was agreed that both pictures should be ready for delivery on the day of Mr. Brandon's arrival. The artist was on the platform when Mr. Brandon stepped off the train.

"Come up to the studio and see whether they are all right."

"I can't; I've got to hustle to the office to look up an affair and telegraph back to Chicago. Here's the key to the front door; I'll take my wife somewhere today, and you see to getting somebody to hang the pictures. You'll know best where to put them."

With this Mr. Brandon hurried to his office and then went home. On the way he learned that there was going to be a church picnic that day. "Just the thing," thought Mr. Brandon. So after the first greetings were over he proposed the outing to his wife; she readily agreed and they started.

All day long Mr. Brandon looked very wise, and toward evening he took out his watch frequently. When they arrived home the house was dark, as Mrs. Brandon had given Mollie a holiday, and the delighted servant had not returned yet. Mr. Brandon turned on the lights and, in his confidence, pushed the button marked "Parlor."

After Mrs. Brandon had taken off her hat he said:

"I think there's one of the parlor windows open, Mary. You'd better look."

Mrs. Brandon went into the parlor and closed the door. Mr. Brandon, with his ear to the keyhole waited for the shriek of surprise.

"I wonder if she'll see it," he thought. After waiting a few seconds and hearing nothing, he opened the door and found Mrs. Brandon kneeling before his picture sobbing and praying.

"What's the matter, Mary! Don't you like it!" he cried.

"Oh Jerry! You'll have to stop going to that horrid office every day," and Mrs. Brandon wept as though her heart would break.

Amazed he cast his eyes up to the picture, he started back, and then actually danced around the room in a rage that convinced Mrs.

Brandon that her fears were only too true.

"It's all a mistake, Mary! It's all a mistake! Wait till I get my hands on that Vassily! Just wait!" He did not sleep much that night, and early next morning he rushed to the studio. Bursting in he found Vassily enjoying a cup of coffee and a cigarette.

"What do you mean, sir! What do you mean! I'll break every bone in your good-for-nothing body."

"You'll what?" exclaimed the easily excited artist, as he jumped to his feet, scattering his breakfast on the floor.

"How dare you hang my cook's picture in the parlor beside mine?"

Vassily gasped and dropped into a chair. He understood all. He had mistaken Mollie for Mrs. Brandon in the car. Explanations followed, and soon both regained their normal temperature.

Mrs. Brandon agreed to sit for her picture, and Vassily painted it *gratis*.

Mollie's room looks very small now, and she is not a little happy over the case of mistaken identity.

The Delayed Car.

ST. JOHN O'SULLIVAN, 1900.

Late one evening, several years ago, I was sitting alone in a large shop reading a book. It had been my custom to do this. I spent many nights thus occupied and nothing unusual occurred, but this night was an exception.

The shop was now closed for the day. Shutters on the front door and windows cut off all view of the street, which was but poorly lighted; the nearest electric light was some distance away. A cathedral stood just across the street. This church was very large; its spire reached nearly three hundred feet into the air, and in front were three doors, the middle one large and massive.

Within the shop, show-cases and shelves were arranged in the customary way along the side walls, and in one corner a stairway slanted upward to a room above. The chair on which I sat was tilted back against a counter. The gaslight at my elbow shone brightly on the wall near by, but the angles among the shelves and counters and the far ends of the room lurked in shadows.

The footfalls of belated passers now and then broke the silence without—faint sounds of heels knocking on the pavement as the per-

son approached, a few loud-sounding steps just outside the door, and the knocking gradually died away. Every few minutes a mule-car leisurely rolled by, and the bell jingled rhythmically with the steady jog of the mules. As it happens in such cases I grew accustomed to these sounds, though they recurred at unequal intervals. I therefore came to give little attention to them; in fact, I did not hear them most of the time.

After a period of fifteen or twenty minutes, during which I was much interested in the book that I had in hand, I chanced—I thought I chanced to turn my attention from that on which my mind was occupied. I looked up from the book toward the door. The gaslight suddenly flaring before my eyes; I put my hand up to shade them. There was nothing unusual about the door; the bar was against it and the large key in its proper place. I then returned to my book, but could not read. My thoughts continually wandered toward the door and out into the street. What had attracted my attention? Why had I stared at the door? I glanced up toward the ceiling. The nooks and corners made by the shelving and stairway appeared darker than I had ever noticed them before: they were gloomy places. My eyes again wandered toward the door. I listened attentively for a moment. Night never before seemed so still. Something surely had attracted my attention from the book, but what that something was I knew not. Perhaps it was an unfinished sound. I suspected that it was in the street. Yes, it had happened out there; I felt sure of this. Perhaps some one had fallen in the street. Perhaps some one lay dead on the car-track.

At this point I remembered hearing a low, grating sound as of a bulky object dragged across a floor, or a heavy door swung on rusty hinges. Whence this noise came I knew not. I scarcely remembered hearing it, yet I was sure I had heard the sound. I was also sure I had heard something beside that—just before it. What had I heard? The thought flashed through my mind that soon it would be too late to find out. Almost involuntarily I dashed the book aside and rushed to the door. Quickly turning the key I raised the bar and flung the door wide open.

Standing in the doorway, with the bar still in my hand, I paused momentarily for my eyes to become accustomed to the darkness of the street. As I gazed straight outward, the objects that had caused the unusual sounds gradually appeared. Across the street a wagon was

backed against the kerbing, thus obstructing the way. An empty mule-car stood before the door. This was the something unfinished. I had heard the car approaching, and, without knowing it, I had expected to hear the sound it made gradually die away. The absence of this decreasing sound was the thing that troubled me. It was that which was lacking. The unnatural attracts attention, the natural is mostly unnoticed. It was very unusual, which is kin to the unnatural, for a car to stop at this place.

The low, heavy sound as of a bulky object was next explained. I noticed that the large middle door of the cathedral had been swung open on its creaking hinges, and a weak light within faintly revealed the crouching forms of several men entering the doorway. The weirdness of this picture well corresponded to the mysterious thoughts that had lately occupied my mind, and to the gloomy places I had noticed in the dimly-lighted corners of the room. That day a priest had died in a country parish. The strange concurrence of sounds, shadows, and uncertain speculations here reached a climax. The men entering the doorway were carrying—a coffin.

A Checked Run.

EDWARD C. BROWN, '99.

John Archer was the richest man in Matlock. He had lived in the town for years and had always been successful. At first he had been interested in real estate; but as the country became more thickly settled, he sold his land and started a bank. He had the complete confidence of the people, and by the time Matlock was a city of ten thousand souls his advertisements read: "John Archer, private banker. Capital \$200,000." His residence was the pride of the town, and his bank was the strongest in western Missouri.

The "hard times" of '93 came, and business almost stopped. The crops had failed, and the farmers were forced to draw their money. Archer, however, had plenty of ready cash in good banks in St. Louis and Chicago, and he came out with flying colors. After this everyone trusted him and his deposits were soon \$300,000.

Then the panic of '96 came. The mills again closed. The railroads took off half their trains, and business houses all over the West were

closing. No one, however, feared for his money as long as John Archer had it; but when they read of the failure of the St. Louis bank, in which Archer had considerable money, they trembled. Then a rich farmer displayed a roll of bills, and said:

"Well! my money is safe."

Thereupon several of his listeners started toward the bank, and when it was known that they were going to draw their money, others followed their example. It was noised around that Archer was going "to bust," and, before an hour, the street in front of the bank was packed with men and women. Archer smiled as he paid the first few, but he soon grew grave. The long line that stretched from the man before him out into the street seemed to have no ending. As the triumphant depositor went out smiling at the thought of his safety in the face of this ruin, another one, anxious and careworn, attached himself to the end of the line. The minutes dragged by slowly; and his lips became parched with the fever that came upon him as he slowly dealt out the dollars—now a few to the poor, now many to the rich. He had but \$50,000 cash on hand and the crowd was increasing. He telegraphed to the St. Louis banks. They replied that they were hard pressed and could spare him nothing. The piles of money on the counter were decreasing and the crowd was growing greater. The St. Louis train was due at three o'clock and he could hold out until then. He telegraphed again:

"Send me something or I can not last until evening. The street is filled with depositors."

The hours wore on. It was five minutes to three and there were one thousand dollars left. A farmer drew five hundred, and a short distance down the line was a miller who had three thousand dollars deposited. The train whistled, Archer paid the money slowly so as to gain time. There was but one man between the miller and the counter. A noise was heard down the street and the crowd yelled as the express wagon drove up. The expressman carried several bags of money and a large envelope of bills into the bank. Archer sank exhausted into a chair, and some of the crowd returned to deposit their money, while the rest slunk shamefacedly away.

When Archer had recovered he opened the bags and the envelope. The former contained nothing but shot and washers, the latter was filled with worthless paper. The St. Louis banks had sent *something*.

Books and Periodicals.

THE ARMORER OF SOLINGEN. By William Herchenbach. Benziger Bros.

A recent publication by Benziger Brothers is "The Armorer of Solingen" by William Herchenbach. The story is of a young and worthy armorer that becomes ambitious to learn the art of making a Damascus sword, and urged on by the taunts of a wicked knight, he starts on a journey to Damascus to realize his ambition. His journey to Damascus, the perils incident thereto, and his difficulty in penetrating the great secret make up the larger part of the narrative, although there is a by-plot cleverly worked into the story. The book forms a neat little volume at slight cost, and is a welcome addition to the Pastime Series of Benziger Brothers.

—During these days when all minds are centred on our Navy and its exploits, the Belford, Middlebrook and Co. of Chicago, are bringing out a weekly series of reproductions of sixteen large photographs to each issue, entitled "The American Navy." Each picture is followed by a descriptive text, thereby giving the reader a correct idea of the individual vessel and its armament. The pictures are well worth the price, and the series will form a very interesting collection of reading-matter.

—*Harper's Magazine* for the month of May is interesting for all readers. Roden's Corner, by Henry Seton Merriman, has come to show its better parts, and promises much of the merit of *In Kedar's Tents*. *Old Chester Tales*, by Margaret Deland, are beautiful stories of a homely town and homely people, and are the best of the short stories that have appeared of late in the magazines of fiction. The character study is perfect, and the whole incident is seemingly a little happening, but so placed as to make the story intensely interesting. In book form *Old Chester Tales* will be successful. Frederic Remington, who has come to write almost as well as he can draw, has a dialect story, *How Order No. 6 Went Through*, as told by Sun-Down Leflare; and Edwin Lord Weeks writes and pictures *Varallo and the Val Sesia*. Besides other interesting short stories, are Julian Ralph's *Awakened Russia*, Col. Ludlow's *Trans-Isthmian Canal Problem*, and *Some Byways of the Brain*, the second paper of an interesting article by Andrew Wilson.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—Here in the fever of the war time, when Old Glory is floating over this nation of ours that is preparing to send to the front its soldiers and that has had its ships of war long under way, the latent patriotism that has lurked in the Notre Dame hearts has burst into a flame. The meeting of Saturday night is worthy evidence that Notre Dame has given her heart and hand to the upholding of the nation's honor in this, our own day, as it did in the days of the War of the Rebellion. There may not be chance for the student company to see the field of battle, but it is best that they be ready to take up the arms of the soldier in case the country may have need of them. And for this they will soon be ready. It is a praiseworthy act, and it is but the application of the education that has been given us—to love and, if needs be, to fight for our country.

—On the twentieth day of May the preliminary readings for admission into the oratorical contest will be held. At this season it is found that there are many students that can boast of power in oratory and that are so well schooled in the laws of rhetoric and eloquence that they can enter the contest with the assurance of being successful and of doing great things, even though it might fall to the lot of only one of them to bear off the medal.

The honor of the oratorical medal is a great honor. At Notre Dame it has been worthily striven for every year. For the orators of this college life of ours of today, there is no word of advice to be given, save that they should put forward their best efforts. In the preliminaries, it will be decided, of course, who will be worthy and who unworthy to enter the arena later on. Now it is time for all do their best work; for after this one obstacle is overcome, there is smooth sailing and steady work.

Miss Starr's Lecture.

On last Wednesday, April 27, Miss Eliza Allen Starr lectured in Washington Hall on the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore of Florence. She dwelt especially upon Brunelleschi's work on the dome, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of her presentation of Italian art. Her voice is clear and strong, and her impressive manner is extremely pleasing.

The ordinary lecturer upon art compiles his work and recites in an artificial, uninterested manner, or in a lofty patronizing tone, which is worse, and makes no impression upon those in the audience that lack knowledge, while he very often irritates those that are acquainted with the subject. Miss Starr firmly believes every word she utters. She is steeped in the beauty of Italy until she can inspire real enthusiasm in her hearers, and this quality makes her lectures valuable in the instruction of just the persons that most need encouragement to look with favor upon what is for refinement and culture.

To diffuse a knowledge of the æsthetics of religion, to cultivate a love for Christian art, has been the chief work of her life—surely that is a holy vocation. The field is very broad and almost wholly unexplored, especially from the liturgical side, and we are grateful to Miss Starr for what she has done in America, where art is still far from reaching the people as it did in the Christian ages of Europe.

The good, gray Poet is always heartily welcome here, she belongs in many ways to Notre Dame; but our veneration does not prejudice us when we praise her lecture-work, which has the rare quality of encouraging those that are acquainted with art while it is understood to profit by those that are beginning.

A. O'M.

Notre Dame, 12; Northwestern, 1.

Another aspirant for Western College League honors has fallen before Notre Dame. This time it was Northwestern. The visitors wore pretty suits and carried new bat-bags, and that's about all there was to their side of the game. Yesterday's beautiful skies and soft, caressing breezes were too much for the wearers of the "N," yet they stirred the Varsity to occasional fits of energy, and then the runs came. There was little opposition from the visitors, and some of them made difficult and brilliant errors at just the right time. Individually, McChesney played the best game for the Evanstonians, and Scott Brown, an old University of Chicago player, did well at third.

Northwestern hit poorly, due of course to the nonchalant Gibson. They ran bases worse, due to the coercion of Powers' right arm. They fielded weakly, due to the steady cannonading Mr. Schlauder, the pitcher, received. These are all reasons why Northwestern did not do better. Now follow the reasons why Notre Dame did so well.

The in-field did well, and although Callahan lost an easy one in left, the outfield play was good. Powers was in the parade all the afternoon, and the team-work was smoother than in the opening game. The coaching was as animated as that of a deaf-mute team, and this was the blemish. To off-set this defect was the hitting. Schlauder faced a wild crowd of batters and came out of it richer in experience. The gentleman with the extra-inning name was in dreamland the first two innings and only partially awake the rest of the game. His support was the color of a yellow-fever placard, and it hurt him. Yet even with sandlot fielding behind him the twister did his best. Daly held him up for three hits, and everybody took a turn at him.

The biggest feature was Umpire Tindell, who really gave a fine exhibition of good umpiring. The indicator-man gave his opinions quickly, and looked grieved when an over-anxious player questioned them. Manager O'Shaughnessy is to be congratulated on his choice of umpires. Anson and Tindell make a good pair to draw to, and if O'Shaughnessy knows any more of the same calibre we beg to remind him that there are more games coming and that good umpiring is good baseball.

DETAILS OF THE CARNAGE.

Northwestern went to bat first and Chad-

dock hit to centre. Gibson threw Brown out on first, and Powers' wing disposed of Chaddock at the plate on a mix-up, in which Callahan played the leading rôle. Hunter strolled, McChesney followed suit and Donahue retired Hunter at second on Sabin's rap to short.

Then the squadron bombarded Schlauder castle. Fleming led off with a Texas leaguer over Brown's head. Schlauder hit Donahue. Powers drove a crashing hit into left. Daly repeated, and Powers crossed over the rubber. Homer dropped McNichol's fly. Callahan and McDonald interrupted the jollifications with untimely strike-outs, and Hunter, the soldier boy, captured Wilson's fly. Three runs.

Ashcroft opened the second with an artistic performance of wind-jamming. The pitcher did the same thing in turn, and Homer got to first for the only time in the game on a gift, and Chaddock fanned.

In the second Gibson made first on four balls; Fleming, after a bunch of fouls, waited for one of his kind which never came, and he trotted to first after Gibson's example. Donahue flew out to left. Powers wished for a hit, but was stowed away on balls, driving Gibson to third and filling the bases. Daly's high foul dropped into McChesney's glove. McNichols came up with a hit to right and sent in Gibson. Callahan struck himself on the malar with a tip foul, and the accident delayed the game for a moment; but in vengeance he smashed a hot grounder into left and brought in McNichols. McDonald's pop-up slipped through Schlauder's fingers. Wilson went out on a grounder. Score, 8 to 1.

Hunter, for Northwestern, in the third walked to first. Saunders advanced him to second on a scratch, McChesney's hit forced Hunter out on third. Sabin hit to centre, but Daly made a beautiful throw to Powers who caught the runner at home. Ashcroft put an end to Northwestern's chances by striking out.

Gibson again stepped up for Notre Dame, and went out on a grounder to third; Fleming did the same thing at first, and Donahue popped out to a second. Schlauder failed to touch Gibson's curves, and reached wildly three times; Horner did the same thing, and Shaddock made the third man to strike out.

Save for the tinkle of a cow bell, things were quiet when Powers walked on balls. Daly sent a clean hit to left and stole second with Powers on the third bag. A pop-up to third settled McNichols. Callahan's fly fell

out of Horner's glove. McDonald went out at first; but Daly found a gap and slid safely home. Wilson made his base on a little grounder to second, but was caught stealing second.

The fifth dawned with Brown at the plate; but Gibson winged him, and he limped firstward. Hunter's grounder was too hot for Fleming. Saunders went out on an infield fly which Fleming nabbed. Brown managed to slide into third in the meantime, but was caught trying to make home on McChesney's grounder. Sabin's shove into centre was captured by Daly.

Gibson again opened up Notre Dame's half of this inning and drove a hard liner to Chaddock, who made an excellent stop. He was unable, however, to recover quickly enough, and stopped at first. Fleming forced Gibson out on second. Donahue flew out to Sabin. Powers failed to make a hit, and was thrown out by Brown to first. Score, 10-1.

Ashcroft opened the sixth with a scratch hit to McDonald and reached first safely. Schlauder hit to Fleming, who made a good stop. Horner could not find Gibson's curve, and was retired on strikes. Chaddock hit to Fleming, and forced Ashcroft out on third. Powers and McDonald got in their quick work, and caught Chaddock napping on first.

Daly then opened for Notre Dame with a clean drive to left-field covering two bags. McNichols hit safely in the same place, and Daly advanced to third.

A high drive in a vacant field by Callahan sent Daly home and left the hitter safe on first. McNichols tried to steal third and made it, but Brown put him out of the game with a broken nose. Donahue ran; McDonald fouled far out to left, and Donahue came in after the out was made. Wilson reached first on an error. Gibson went out to first and Callahan was retired on third.

In the seventh, Wilson went to second and Hermann watched right-field. Brown was called to the plate, and was out on a short hit to first. Hunter planted a safe hit over second and reached first. Saunders drove another hit in the same place, and advanced Hunter to second. McChesney was a victim of Gibson's curves. Sabin flew out to Wilson. Fleming hit safely to right. Donahue sacrificed to first. Powers was put out on a short hit to Brown, and Fleming advanced to third. Daly went out in the same way.

In the eighth the visitors were retired in

order. Ashcroft flew out to Fleming. Schlauder hit to third and was thrown out on first. Horner struck out.

Hermann took his first trial at bat with the opening of Notre Dame's half of the eighth. He popped to short, and reached first on Chaddock's error. Callahan forced Hermann out, and reached first by an ace. McDonald flew out to Chaddock. Saunders made a good stop, but was too slow for Callahan. Wilson also popped up a fly, and Chaddock gathered it in.

The Varsity felt that their work was done, and went out once more to give the visitors a trial at the bat. Chaddock hit to Gibson and was out. Brown repeated the same thing to Wilson. Hunter found an opening between second and third, and went to first on a safe hit. Hunter succeeded in doing what few men do in baseball with Notre Dame, when he stole second. Saunders went out to first. Score—12 to 1.

This finished the battle. The men sauntered idly off the field as if there were nothing ado; and the excitement of a victory was nothing more than a galloping over the diamond, with few cheers besides those prescribed by the laws of politeness. Baseball must be at its best to drown out the life of war; and yesterday, feeble though the war seemed to be, it was first in baseball hearts.

THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Fleming, 3d b.	2	2	5	2	1
Donahue, s.s.	1	0	0	3	1
Powers, c.	3	1	10	3	0
Daly, c. f.	3	3	1	2	0
McNichols, 2d b.	2	2	2	1	1
Callahan, l. f.	0	1	0	0	1
McDonald, 1st b.	0	0	7	0	1
Wilson, r. f.	0	0	1	1	0
Gibson, p.	1	1	1	2	1

<i>Totals</i>	12	10	27	14	6
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NORTHWESTERN	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Chaddock, s.s.	0	1	3	2	2
Brown, 3d b.	0	0	3	5	0
Hunter, c. f.	0	2	1	0	0
Saunders, 1st b.	0	1	10	0	0
McChesney, c.	0	0	2	2	0
Sabin, l. f.	0	1	3	0	2
Ashcroft, 2d b.	0	0	2	1	1
Schlauder, p.	0	0	0	2	1
Horner, r. f.	1	0	0	1	1

<i>Totals</i>	1	5	24	13	7
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SCORE BY INNINGS:— 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 Total

NOTRE DAME:— 4 4 0 2 0 2 0 0 * = 12

NORTHWESTERN:— 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 = 1

Bases on balls—off Gibson, 3; off Schlauder, 4. Hit by pitcher—Gibson, Schlauder. Sacrifice hit—McDonald. Two-base hits—Daly, Powers. Struck out—by Gibson, 9; by Schlauder, 4.

Exchanges.

The young ladies of a certain institution in Pennsylvania are of the opinion that we are opposed to bicycle riding for women. We fear they did not read our remarks carefully, or they would understand that we are opposed to the opposers and not to the girl bicyclists. The bicycle is one of the greatest boons of womankind, and none but fanatics and cranks would decry it.

A paper that every Catholic of the middle west should be proud of is *The New World* of Chicago. The latest result of the enterprise of this excellent publication is the "Architectural Number" that came to us recently. The cover is artistic, and the numerous half-tone illustrations of European and American cathedrals will be of much interest to students of architecture. In an article entitled "The Homeopathic Materia Medica," Doctor Pease deals out death to "the self-confessed, unscientific 'old school' of allopathy." The disciple of the "like cures like" theory calls the "allopaths" many hard names, but his arguments, however, do not hold water. When we learn that an "allopathic" institution like the University of Berlin—the most scientific medical school in the world—will not allow a student of homeopathy even to study within its walls, we are led to believe that the "like cures like" men should refrain from calling their brethren of the "antique school of medicine" unscientific. Dr. Pease makes the startling statement that "the Materia Medica of the antique schools is a record of the physiological effects of drugs, following no particular system, but simply a practice from ancient time to the present, and is more of a 'cut and dry' process than anything else." Surely the writer must have received some inkling of the wonderful medical discoveries made during the last ten years, discoveries that have revolutionized the practice of medicine. The *World's* editorials are pithy, patriotic and well written.

The retiring Board of Editors of *The University Cynic* has our heartiest congratulations for the admirable manner in which the *Cynic* was conducted during their regime. In their initial issue they expressed a wish that a comparison of their work with that of their predecessors might not prove to their discredit. We assure them that it does not.

Our Friends.

—Professor Edwards returned on Tuesday from a trip to Pennsylvania and New York.

—Mr. Harry P. Foster of Brownson Hall, who is a member of an Illinois troop of cavalry, left during the early part of the week to join his troop.

—Miss Monarch of Kentucky, who was graduated from St. Mary's Academy last year, visited the University on Wednesday. She was accompanied by her classmate, Miss Brown.

—Over Mr. Daniel Vincent Casey's (Litt. B., '95) signature in the *Chicago Record* are many interesting and well-written accounts of the movements of our Flying Squadron. The SCHOLASTIC is proud of its former editor-in-chief, and extends to him congratulations and good wishes.

—Invitations were received lately from M. W. Fleming Willien (student '87-'89) to attend the commencement exercises of the graduating class of the Medical Department of the University of Indianapolis. Mr. Willien, who is a member of the class, has many friends at Notre Dame, some of whom expect to be present when he receives his degree.

—On Wednesday the *Chicago Record* contained the following clipping, which will be of interest to many at Notre Dame:

Father Maurice J. Dorney, in charge of St. Gabriel's Church, received a telegram from the Navy Department informing him that he had been given a commission as chaplain. He was ordered to report for duty on the battle ship *Iowa*. He will leave for Washington tomorrow and then go to Key West, where a dispatch boat will take him to the *Iowa* now with the blockading squadron.

Father Dorney, who is a warm friend of Notre Dame, preached the baccalaureate sermon to the Class of '97. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University in 1895. Captain Evers and his men have a faithful chaplain on their battle ship.

—A Notre Dame man, Congressman Campbell of Illinois, was the first man to resign his seat in the House of Representatives in order that he might serve his country as a soldier, and during the week we have heard of many other alumni and old students that have left their several occupations and gone to the front. Among these are Mr. Thomas B. Reilly (A. B., '97) of New York, who left for the South early in the week with New York volunteers; Mr. Sidney Corby (student-'93-'95) of St. Joseph, Mo., who is an officer under his father, Col. Corby, of the Missouri National Guards; and Mr. Louis C. Wurzer (LL. B., '96), Mr. Hal. Jewett (C. E. '90), the well-known athlete, and his brother, Mr. Edward H. Jewett (B. S., '94), all of Detroit, who are members of the Michigan Naval Reserves. Mr. Jewett, Mr. Wurzer and Mr. Edward Jewett have been assigned to the auxiliary cruiser *Yosemite*.

As Others See Us.

The following communication, referring to the bright young men who form our Board of Editors fell into the hands of the Manager of the SCHOLASTIC. We publish it purely in the interest of that science which seeks to establish a connection between character and physiognomy. We suggest that our readers hunt up the Easter Number and verify in detail the inferences made by our fair correspondents, who live, let us add, in Wisconsin. We publish their letter in full:

BOARD OF EDITORS, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,

DEAR SIRs:—Through the kindness of some unknown friend, we have received the Easter Number of your college journal. Justice demands that we should express our pleasure and admiration for your work. Never before has our sanctum been graced with such a symposium of handsome manhood, as the picture of "ye editors."

Our girl friends are continually with us since the "SCHOLASTIC" came, and their exclamations and ideas nearly drive us from our field of labor. They are giddy, pampered and less hard working than we, and we tolerate them. It is at their urgent request that we write and tell you of the verdict reached in each case by a jury of pretty girls, having each photo separately as a case. Such cases:

Firstly, we all agree that whoever grouped the pictures has an artistic eye, having placed the best looking,—remember the photos are our only standard—so that they bring out their own and the good points in the other faces.

We mean, that Francis Confer, Elmer Murphy, Raymond O'Malley and Edward Mingey are the best looking, and they divide the picture into two parts. Not one of the group is an Adonis, nor is there a positively homely man among you. We all agree that Edward Mingey has the most good points. He seems to be the possessor of a big heart and noble soul. His is the nicest nose and he has pretty eyes. He ought to study for bishop, it will be hard on the girls if he remains in the world.

Francis Confer is a close second, but his mouth would lead one to think he is "sassy." Maybe it's only assurance which gives him that wild look. His upper lip is very nice and he combs his hair nicest of any of you. His eyes are *prettiest*.

The hair is just what detracts from Elmer Murphy's manly face. He should adopt Francis Confer's style; he would improve his looks thereby. Mr. Murphy looks just as we hoped the author of such beautiful verses as he writes would look. He is a manly man, and intelligence speaks from every feature. If only he would wear his hair differently!

Raymond O'Malley is no stranger to us, for Renée has his photo in her studio, and we are weary of her recital of his heroism at Waukesha last summer. She was so glad to learn that his name is Raymond. We think, judging from Ray's picture, that he knows a thing or two, but he is not quite as common-sensical as his brother. Raymond is more inclined to fun, and we think he could say many witty things. He looks our ideal athlete.

Francis O'Malley has his share of good looks. His

character is firmer than his brother's and he is more self-reliant. Francis is deep, and pity the mortal who offends him! His exchange column is alone worth the subscription money of the SCHOLASTIC. Good for you Frank!

John Dowd is evidently an alert, open-eyed fellow, who will have his fun no matter at whose expense. He would make a good reporter, being spry and active, capable of slipping in and out of chinks and crannies, and being everywhere where he's not wanted. We think he has a naughty wink.

Thomas Medley must entertain an everlasting grudge against somebody; or was he only mad at the photographer? He seems to have just said "mean things." He has beautiful hair.

Frank Earle Hering can well lift high his head, for inspirations for poems such as he writes come but from above. In the shadows of the twilight we sit and listen to Nadine as she reads to us those beautiful verses. Her rich, full voice is well fitted for the reading of poetry, and as the night comes on we sit and wonder whether the "love" to whom he addresses such beautiful sentiments is real or ideal. Then we sigh—a sigh of regret. Mr. Hering has a soulful face, and we wouldn't blame him if he wouldn't speak to common mortals.

If Will Sheehan would accumulate more flesh he could pose for a tragedian. His hair makes us all envious of him, but he should part it on the side, not down the middle, it makes his face look too long. Parting the hair in the middle makes even a good-looking man look plain. Our brother once knew a Will Sheehan, and he was real nice.

John Fennessey is pretty, too, but you boys must be a dreadful worry to him; or is he a married man? or was the picture taken the day after thanksgiving? John is suffering either physical or mental anguish. Without that look of pain he would appear angelic. Why not overcome the feeling which causes a contraction of brows? He seems to be somewhat lacking in energy.

Paul Ragan is very neat looking. He probably shaves twice a day and takes great pains to keep each hair in place. He will not parade his knowledge, but to know him is to admire him. He is evidently studying for the law. We don't know him; but we admire his essays so much, that if he ever writes a book we will advertise it extensively.

Now, gentlemen, we hope to have the pleasure of meeting you some day, and we trust that our candor will make our welcome no less hearty than if we had not written. If we have made erroneous conjectures, do not blame us; but remember we have judged from pictures only.

With cordial greetings, we are

"TWO BACHELOR GIRLS."

Next week we hope to publish the opinion which the Board of Editors—judging solely by this letter—have formed of the "Bachelor Girls" from Badgerdom. Our readers will probably not share the judgments of our correspondents, and we venture to say that some of the editors (we have published this letter without their permission) will dissent vigorously.

Local Items.

—Workmen are putting a new roof on the kitchen.

—Tom Reilly, English '97, has gone to fight for his country. His friends received word to this effect last week.

—The grand-stand back of the baseball field, has been reconstructed and will be welcomed by visitors to the games.

—Members of the Athletic Association can always rely upon the presence of a large "fence gang" at their athletic games. They're always with us.

—Sherman Steele, English '97, has returned to Notre Dame to pursue a course in Law. The old boys of Sorin Hall were glad to welcome him back.

—St. Edward's campus extends almost to the lake now. Their new field is larger and better than before, and will give ample room for their numerous baseball teams.

—Several students that are members of different military companies outside the University are daily expecting to be called out. All will respond promptly if notified.

—Of course we would not ask to have the farmers deprived of these much-needed spring rains, but we would be pleased to have them fall on other days than when we have a game.

—The track men put in a week of severe training; they are doing earnest work, preparing for the Indiana meet. A field-day will probably be held May 14, the date of our baseball game with DePauw.

—Ed Reising presented Ed Callahan with a bat that was made especially for Fred Clark, the great out-fielder of the Louisville team. The bat is in good hands, and Clark would now find it hard to keep pace in stick work with Callahan.

—Everything but the war question seems uninteresting these days. Even the local editor in his excitement has for several weeks forgotten to mention Bill Sheehan's name in the local columns. We trust Mr. Sheehan will overlook this carelessness on the local editor's part.

—John Foster, known to the students of Brownson Hall as "Red," owns the distinction of being the first man to go out from Notre Dame to fight for Old Glory in the present war with Spain. The company to which Foster belongs was called out Monday, and "Red" responded promptly.

—Our friend of the first floor one day last "Janooary," as he was going to "criticisms," discovered that there was such a thing as a "rhinosteros," around the "'stablishment"; and he immediately went to inform some of his friends in the "institootion." He imparted his

"ernegy" to his friends, but no one could find the animal about in spite of the search. Then he went into his room to study for four hours. He has not finished, and he's tired of "pesterin'" any longer.

—"We fooled the weather-man this time," said Cincinnati Pete to his friend Klondike, yesterday.

"Why?" ventured Klondike.

"Because he thought that Thursday was a 'rec' day, and, as usual, had it rain. Today the sun is shining, and we are enjoying life on the weather-man."

—Rev. Father Oechtering of Mishawaka has presented to the Church of the Sacred Heart two beautifully carved tablets commemorative of the first pilgrimage to Notre Dame made on October 11, 1875, by about seven hundred members of Saint Joseph's congregation of Mishawaka under the direction of Reverend Father Oechtering.

—The Tennis Club has been organized with twenty-five members; the officers elected were Chas. F. Ensign, Treasurer; W. R. Miller, Sec'y; F. H. Pim, Field Marshal. Two more courts will be made, and the men will be prepared for a tournament by Mr. Hering. Arrangements are now being made to have a series of games with teams from other colleges.

—Reedetto arrived at the University last week with a trunk, an umbrella and that voice of his. He announced that he had come to stay. Some say the voice has more of the beel sound in it than formerly, while others living near the "Colonel" (and they ought to know) say that it is more horribly terrible than ever. Now if Boru—well, we won't say any more.

—Easter Sunday brought with it a marked change in Sorin Hall. Several students and others whose faces had all winter been enveloped in shaggy, multi-colored growths, sought the tonsor the day before Easter, and a happy effect was produced. Brindle and McDonney got the cold feet, but the latter's distorted wire-grass is fast falling out for the want of proper nourishment, and so Brindle will be the only one left. Even Jamie assassinated his unpretentious little three, one dark night before he called there, and now Mullini has a better chance to show what he can do.

—"Now boys," said the smiling octogenarian, "I'd like for to have you grow up and be big men; because if you don't grow you won't be big; and if you're small you will have not grown. I knew a big man once that grew and became big; and I've known others that did not grow and were small, which all goes to show that the difference between the big man and the small man is growth. You see one grows and the other doesn't; one is small and the other is big. If I were six feet tall I would be big; but I am small, which shows that I have not grown much, because I would be big if I had

grown; and I am small which shows that I have not grown, which shows that this here is different from that there,—that one grows and the other doesn't, ain't I." And some sank back in slumber, weighing the words of wisdom.

ANOTHER COMEDIETTA.

SCENE.—Oney's Room.

CAST.—Oney and Vick.

Oney opens the dialogue.

"She loves me; oh, she loves me! Whoop!"

"I know some one that loves me too."

"But she isn't so pretty."

"She is."

"She's young?"

"Been in love twenty years."

"With you?"

"No; but—"

"Oh, I see. Roped you in, hey?"

"No; but—"

"You need experience."

"She'll give me all I need."

Vick goes out silently and Oney sits down and examines his image in the mirror.

—Several persons outside the University, having frequently noticed in the SCHOLASTIC the names of Frank O'Malley and Raymond O'Malley, have asked us if these "gents" are brothers. We do not know who feels the more offended; but we will say, once for all,—*they are not brothers*, or sisters, or anything else. Oh, yes! beg pardon—one is a genius;—but the idea of anyone taking them for brothers! They are no more brothers than are Bill Sheehan and Bill McKinley. Raymond O'Malley points proudly to old Crescoe, Iowa (wherever that is), as his birthplace; while Frank O'Malley and Babb hail from Wilkesbarre, Pa. Raymond claims to be a direct descendant of Diogenes, and has a picture of Diogenes and M. Cicero Sistins on the wall in his room. Frank says he doesn't care who people take him for, or what they take him for, if they will only not confuse him with "that Banderlog."

—Men do not very often consult the "amorous looking-glass;" but of course, there are times when a mirror becomes a necessity. For instance, the other day some one told the judge that he was looking pleasant, and while the judge himself thought it a mistake, he had to prove the contrary by a glance in his mirror. Yvette, too, likes to see if he can show his two front teeth when he smiles, and Blear always goes over to his mirror in the morning to see if he is awake and all safe and sound. Charlie Folee always consults the looking-glass when applying the rouge, and Halee claims he could not do without it. As for Sandwich, he couldn't light a cigarette without looking in the glass.

But speaking about mirrors, did you ever see Jamie's? He has the funniest mirror in the hall. It is called by courtesy a mirror, though it strongly resembles the lower side of a tin wash-basin that has never encountered sapolio.

When you look in it, it dimly reflects the back of your head, so that when you want to comb your hair, you have to stand with your back facing the mirror, and the frame—it is one of these Morbid, old-fashioned black frames and is probably the missing link to an old continental bed-room suite—one of these that has the dash-board of the bed chasing itself in fantastic curves up to the ceiling, and with the legs—pardon me, the limbs—as big around as telegraph poles—one of these, that when you roll out of bed on the floor, you don't know it—one is as high as the other. But still Jamie clings to the mirror, and still the world moves on.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

Under this heading the SCHOLASTIC will give every week a *résumé* of the chief events of the late war with Spain. The Sorin Hall flag ship, *Mike O'Brien*, will be put into service as a dispatch boat, and the correspondents will have all the comforts of home on this sumptuous vessel. The other day she lost a main-mast and a few yards of rigging, but she is now being refitted with a new set of everything except the name. Our well-known correspondent, Blahah, is now in Havana; he will steal out of Moro Castle and swim with the dispatches in his teeth to the *Mike O'Brien*; if he doesn't swim, he can drown; the SCHOLASTIC will send another man to take his place. His first letter was sent out by a carrier-pigeon.

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:—

If this letter doesn't reach, I suppose it will be all right. Anyway, please send me some more rations if you get them through. The other day I got mixed up with a squad of reconcentrados; and some son-of-a-gun, who was so thin his eyeballs weren't lubricated, stole my last bacon sandwich; another ate my Sunday shoes, and Moro Castle is strongly fortified. One fellow ate my last plug of battle-axe thinking it was a bar of chocolate. Things are pretty tight here. I called on Blanco last night and found him not at home. An orderly told me he was out; so I went to look for him, and I went out fast, with the help of the orderly that showed me the way. I spent my last peseta for repairs. The other day, too, I overheard a lot of Spaniards running down America; and I braced up to uphold the honor of my country, and said to them, "Come on." It's a good thing I wasn't the only one upholding my country's honor.

I think, Mister Editor, we're going to have a war soon. It looks very much like it. Good-bye. I saw Tommy Cavanagh down here the other day with Doc and Bones. Tommy said, "How about it?" and they all made a shoot for the hotel. I wonder what he meant; don't you? Good-bye.

BLAHAH.

HAVANA, CUBA, April 29.